

Jake—or Sam

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JAKE—or SAM



“ I CAUGHT UP MIT MYSELF ! DOT’S DER
MATTER ! ”

JAKE—or SAM

BY
BRUNO LESSING

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Spiegelbrauer lived on Avenue A. Spiegelbrauer was exceedingly fat. Spiegelbrauer was an amazing sleeper. These three facts may be stated as indisputable, or in the language of Kegelhopfen, “midout fear of sug-sessful gontradiction.” Whether Spiegelbrauer was such an amazing sleeper because he was fat, or whether he was fat because he was such an amazing sleeper, is one of those debatable questions upon which, probably, no two disputants would agree. Let us, therefore, content ourselves with the incontrovertible.

When the clock in Father Ignatius’s church struck ten Spiegelbrauer would yawn and roll into bed. Within two minutes he would be sound asleep, and snoring—although the snoring does not

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figure in this story. Once asleep, his slumber would last dreamlessly until ten o'clock in the morning. Then Spiegelbrauer would open his eyes and smile—a pleasant, lovable smile. The roll of the seasons, the precession of the equinoxes, and the laws of gravitation were no more regular or inflexible than were Spiegelbrauer's sleeping habits. He was well-to-do and retired from active business and could, therefore, afford the luxury of long sleep. He was unmarried and so could indulge in it without interfering with the comfort of others. So thoroughly had the habit of twelve hours' sleep fastened itself upon him that his whole life was regulated in accordance with it. After ten o'clock at night there was nothing for Spiegelbrauer to do. Before ten o'clock in the morning there was not the slightest way of killing time. Between 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. his daily promenade in Tompkins Square, his morning game of chess at Hoffman's Café, his two-hour perusal of the evening newspaper, and his ten games of

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pinocle at Kegelhopfen's, to say nothing of his three meals and six cigars, all fell into the day's chronology with the precision and the regularity of the clock. The life of a planet could have been no more regular than Spiegelbrauer's, the life of a turtle, no more tranquil, until—oh! memorable day—the Man with the Glass Eye came.

Upon the shoulders of Kegelhopfen must always rest the responsibility for bringing the Man with the Glass Eye into the life of Spiegelbrauer—and for bringing him in at the moment that was so peculiarly propitious for the accomplishment of the memorable sequence. The clock in Father Ignatius's church had struck the half-hour between nine and ten; Spiegelbrauer, complaining of a headache, had shuffled the cards for his last game of pinocle, when the Man with the Glass Eye entered Kegelhopfen's saloon, and with a cheery "Hello, Keg!" ordered a glass of beer.

Kegelhopfen greeted him with an enthusiasm that attracted the attention

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of all the patrons of the place. “Vell! Vell! If it ain’d my old friend, Chake! I am astoneished! Vere haf you been?”

“Oh, I’ve just arrived from Berlin. Had some business with the emperor. Ask your friends to have a drink with me.”

Then it was that Kegelhopfen led the Man with the Glass Eye to the table where Spiegelbrauer sat, and with a sweep of his arm and a mumbling of incoherent sounds performed the ceremony of a general introduction. Spiegelbrauer, observing instantly that the newcomer had a glass eye, soon found himself fascinated by the unruly antics of that artificial member. It had a curious habit of rolling in a fixed orbit until it reached its zenith and then suddenly dropping to its nadir and resuming its course in the opposite direction. The other eye, however, was bright and twinkled incessantly. There was something exceedingly attractive about the chap, a radiation of personal magnetism that



“ THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT WOULD GIVE A
GOOD DEAL TO KNOW WHERE I AM AT THIS
MOMENT ”

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so frequently accompanies a cheerful and more or less frivolous nature. Spiegelbrauer conceived an instinctive liking for the Man with the Glass Eye.

“Vot iss it your name vas?” he asked. “I didn’t gatch it.”

“Jake,” came the reply. “Just call me Jake. That isn’t my real name, but when you’re on a secret mission, you can’t be too careful. The French government would give a good deal to know where I am at this moment. For the past ten days, whenever I’ve thought of how they’re puzzling their poor brains wondering where I went to, I have had to laugh.” And he burst into a peal of merry laughter so infectious that Spiegelbrauer joined him and laughed until his ponderous frame quivered.

“Dot’s a good vun!” he exclaimed. “I like to see der French get it goot unt hart! Ach!” he added, a moment later, “I haf such a headache!”

“Headache!” exclaimed Jake, with quick sympathy. “Why didn’t you say so before? Here, take one of

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these. One of the most famous physicians in Russia prescribed them for me. They'll stop your headache in a jiffy."

Spiegelbrauer took one. Incidentally his eye caught the name, "Bilkins's Ache Killer," upon the pasteboard box that contained them, but Jake promptly explained that he had put the wonderful pills into the first box that came to his hand. And, surely enough, in a few minutes Spiegelbrauer's headache had vanished. Spiegelbrauer's spirits rose and, glancing at his watch, he insisted upon treating Jake to a drink.

"It iss my bet-time unt I go to bet," he said.

"What? Go to bed at ten o'clock?" said Jake. "Absurd! Did I ever tell you the story about the King of Italy going to bed early?"

"No," replied Spiegelbrauer, "you nefer did." The fact that he had never laid eyes upon Jake before did not occur to him.

"Well, sir," Jake began. Now, as

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a rule, when a man begins his narrative with "Well, sir," he is wound up for a long recital. Jake's story lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, and through it all Spiegelbrauer listened spellbound. Not that the story was at all interesting; it was not even coherent. But the man had the true story-teller's faculty of glib and running narrative, and even Kegelhopfen abandoned his bar to listen.

"You did not tell us vot der queen said to der king," said Spiegelbrauer, when the story was finished. Jake leaned back in his chair, pointed to Spiegelbrauer, and looked at the others.

"You see? He grasped the point at once. Now to make clear to you what the queen said I've got to go back to how I first met her."

And just as he finished his story the clock in Father Ignatius's church struck midnight!

"*Donnerwetter!*" cried Spiegelbrauer. "Twelf o'clock, unt me not in bet!" He paid his score, bade

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them all good-night, and was about to leave when Jake said:

“If you don’t mind I’ll walk a bit with you. I don’t feel sleepy, and a walk will do me good.”

During the walk Jake chatted most amiably of all the great folk he had met in Europe, and when they reached Spiegelbrauer’s house he was in the midst of a story whose finish Spiegelbrauer would not have missed for the world.

“My!” he exclaimed. “Such a interesting talker! I could listen mit you all der night. But I must go to bet. *Donnerwetter!* Listen! It iss vun o’clock! *Ach, du lieber!* Nefer did I do it! Good night! Good night! Come again to Kegelhopfen’s. I like to talk mit you. Good night!”

Alas! It was not to be.

“Hark!” said Jake. “What is that?”

Spiegelbrauer listened and heard the bells of fire-engines rapidly growing louder and louder.

“It iss a fire!” said he. There is

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something in the tumultuous clangor of fire-bells that arrests the attention of all men, particularly landlords, and Spiegelbrauer waited until the fire-engines came into view.

“It is on this street,” said Jake excitedly. “Let’s go and see. Maybe we can help. Did I ever tell you how I rescued General Von—I mean a German army officer from a fire?”

“No. You nefer did! Did you get a medal?”

It was an unoccupied factory building that had caught fire, and the flames had made such headway ere the engines arrived that the firemen could do nothing to check their progress but confine their efforts to saving adjacent buildings. Spiegelbrauer, fascinated by the huge tongues of leaping flame, stood open-mouthed, watching the fire, until the building had burned to the ground. Then the clock in Father Ignatius’s church struck three. Spiegelbrauer groaned.

“Come on, Spiegy”—Jake had been calling him “Spiegy” for some

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time—"I know a place that is open all night. Let's get one night-cap, and then we'll turn in."

Spiegelbrauer demurred, but Jake had a way of slipping his arm around his companion's massive waist that went straight to the fat man's heart. He gazed, quite fondly, into the rolling glass eye.

"My, such a coaxer I nefer seen! Choost one drink I take unt den—sleeps. Nefer did I do it! Nefer!"

Facilis descensus! The night having grown quite chilly, Jake suggested one "wee nip" of whiskey as a great improvement upon cold beer, and when he felt the warm glow of the liquor within him Spiegelbrauer fell an easy victim to the suggestion of a second drink, and then a third. Exactly how it all happened after that Spiegelbrauer never knew, but when, two hours later, he found himself riding in an open carriage through Central Park, with Jake singing a rollicking song beside him, he remembered distinctly that it was his own sugges-

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tion and that he had argued quite strenuously to overcome Jake's objections.

"You haf gified me much bleasure," he had said, "unt now I takes you for some bleasure. We go in der Central Bark unt see der sun rise. Vunce in Charmany I seen der sun rise. Ach, it iss fine!"

Spiegelbrauer was thoroughly awake. He was also thoroughly sober. But a feeling of absolute recklessness possessed him. He felt the necessity of doing something to please his companion, who, now that he knew he could trust Spiegelbrauer, gave him full names and details that he had omitted from his former narratives.

"Now I don't mind telling you—between man and man, not to go any farther, you understand—the lady who gave me the diamond ring I told you about was"—he gazed around anxiously, to make sure that the driver was not listening, while Spiegelbrauer, with earnest expression, inclined his head toward his companion—"was the

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Princess Carlotta von Schleswig-Braunschweig!”

“You don’t say!” whispered Spiegelbrauer. “Iss it bossible!”

The sun rose, and Jake philosophically remarked, “It’s time for breakfast!”

Somewhere between Central Park and Avenue A, in broad daylight, the Man with the Glass Eye left Spiegelbrauer. He had an important engagement, he explained, with an emissary of the German ambassador.

“See you later,” he cried cheerily, and soon disappeared from view.

It was a forlorn Spiegelbrauer that trudged wearily homeward that bright morning. It was a tired, lonesome, unhappy Spiegelbrauer that gazed, again and again, at the hands of the clock as he prepared for bed. “Ten o’clock in der morning! *Ach, der lieber Gott!* I haf made a night of it! Ts! Ts! Ts!” But as he slipped in between the covers, he murmured drowsily: “Fine feller, dot Chake! Awful nice young man!”

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When Spiegelbrauer awoke the room was pitch dark. He sat bolt upright in bed, his eyes blinking very rapidly as his brain struggled to grasp this new and curious situation. Then, slowly, as a turn in a river unfolds a new panorama to the view, the events of the previous night arranged themselves in line to his awakening memory. Spiegelbrauer groaned.

“Fool vot I am!” he exclaimed. He arose and held a lighted match before the clock. It was exactly ten o’clock.

“Fool! Fool! Tam fool vot I am!” he cried aloud. He opened a window and looked out. The street was almost deserted. The day’s traffic was over; it was night. Spiegelbrauer, groaning dismally, dressed himself and, from force of habit, wended his way to Hoffman’s Café, where, for years, he had breakfasted daily. Hoffman’s Café was closed.

A feeling of irritation settled upon Spiegelbrauer. He was hungry—what

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right had Hoffman's Café to be closed before he had eaten? Never again would he go there. He wandered from street to street until he found a restaurant that was open and ate a liberal amount of ham and eggs, after which the feeling of irritation passed away. The cigar after breakfast tasted particularly good that night, and a rosier hue began to tinge Spiegelbrauer's view of life. After all, what difference could one night make! He was a sober, methodical, steady-going citizen who had, by purest accident, slipped a cog. Other men did the thing frequently; he had done it for the first and last time in his life. No one had suffered, nothing had been lost save a few hours' sleep. He would take his customary stroll through the square, drop in at Kegelhopfen's for a glass of beer—perhaps even a single game of pinocle—and then, home to bed, after which eight or nine hours' sleep would bring his daily routine to its customary starting-point. It was a fairly happy Spiegelbrauer that strode forth from

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the restaurant into the refreshing air of Tompkins Square.

Alas for Spiegelbrauer's plans! The square was quite deserted, and the unwonted gloom struck a chill to his heart. He seated himself upon a bench and closed his eyes to ponder the whole situation anew. A policeman, approaching with noiseless tread, prodded him vigorously with his stick.

"Wake up, there! No sleeping in the park."

Spiegelbrauer, too disheartened to protest, groaned and moved away. He went to Kegelhopfen's saloon. There was not a soul in the place that he had ever seen before, save the custodian of the bar, a red-eyed, impossible youth who cleaned the glasses during the day.

"Vare is Kegelhopfen?" asked Spiegelbrauer.

The youth yawned. "Home he iss went. Always six minutes after ten he iss home went."

Spiegelbrauer drummed nervously upon the bar. "Vell, gif me a class of

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beer," said he. The beer was lifeless and stale. Spiegelbrauer paid for the sip he had taken and went home. "Unfriended, melancholy, slow," he undressed and rolled into bed. And then for the first time, the full and awful truth of his situation slowly and gradually unfolded itself to his paralyzed mind. *He could not sleep!*

Hour after hour he lay motionless, exhausting every expedient he ever had heard of, that might possibly bring slumber to his despairing senses. He counted up to four thousand. Then he counted backward. He made an accurate inventory of nine hundred black sheep jumping, one by one, over a rail fence, but the nine-hundredth leaped as nimbly and as vividly as had the first. He recited "Die Wacht am Rhein," but in the middle of it he sat bolt upright in bed and exclaimed:

"Mein Gott! Am I going crazy?"

He rose from bed and lit a pipe, and gradually the tension of his nerves relaxed, and he felt a soothing tranquillity steal over him—but no sleep.

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Then he began to think of Jake, and it was not until the clock in Father Ignatius's church struck three that he started from his reverie. He went to bed again and counted up to fifteen hundred, and then, crying, "Tam dot Chake!" he arose, dressed himself, and went out into the night.

To chronicle his wanderings between that moment and daylight, to recount the attempts he made to dissipate the alert wakefulness that possessed him and to acquire a feeling of sleepiness, to describe his absolute loneliness and the sickening realization that came to him every hour that all his life was upside down, this would require a volume. In fact, Spiegelbrauer, whose mind was none of the swiftest, lived a psychological volume in every ten minutes. He knew not what to do. He knew not where to go. He walked until he was tired, then he sat down on a doorstep and rested. Once it occurred to him to drink a great quantity of beer in order to acquire the drowsy feeling that he yearned for,

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but after the first glass he abandoned the idea. Somehow or other beer did not taste quite right just then. Toward daybreak he became hungry, and coming upon a restaurant that he had never seen before, he ate a hearty meal.

To his delight he found that the beer was beginning to resume its customary taste. He drank glass after glass, and slowly, yet steadily, its soporific effect began to work upon his senses, and he felt a gentle sleepiness steal over him. He glanced at his watch. It was half-past nine. He sighed.

When the clock in Father Ignatius's church struck ten Spiegelbrauer rolled wearily into bed and in an instant was sound asleep. He slept until ten o'clock that night.

For an entire week Spiegelbrauer went through this daily torment in a kind of daze. Not only had all his life and habits been suddenly turned topsy-turvy, but with the change even the limited capacity of his mind for grappling with unaccustomed condi-

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tions seemed to have been wiped out. His brain had grown absolutely torpid. It was all he could do to devise means of passing the deadly wakeful hours of night. Once, instinctively, when he awoke at ten o'clock at night, he determined to remain in bed all night and steal what additional sleep he could until the morning, when he would arise and resume the old routine. But the pangs of hunger drove him out to seek a midnight breakfast. Once—and only once—it occurred to him to remain awake all day and begin the old routine at bedtime that night. Alas! Had he not hastened to his bed at the stroke of ten he knew he would have fallen asleep in his chair. Aside from the endless recurrence of gloomy ideas that filled his bewildered mind during its wakeful hours, there was but one coherent thought, one vivid, ever-present memory—the Man with the Glass Eye.

He wandered into Kegelhopfen's one night—he had dressed hurriedly and had not even breakfasted, and it was only a quarter past ten when he ar-

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rived, but Kegelhopfen had already gone.

“Home he iss went,” explained the red-eyed youth. “Always six minutes after ten he iss home went. V’y you don’t come in der day?”

“It cannot be,” said Spiegelbrauer. “But ven he comes in der morning you tell him I vant to know vot iss der last name of Chake, der man mit der glass eye. He knows who iss it I mean. Tell him to write it down, unt I vill call for it to-morrow night.”

Eagerly, breathlessly, hopefully Spiegelbrauer turned up the following night. “Haf you got it?” he asked.

The youth shook his head. “Mister Kegelhopfen knows der Chake vot you mean, but he don’t know Chake’s last name, unt he don’t know vare he lifs. He t’inks his foist name iss Pete or Bill, but he ain’t sure. He vill ask him ven he comes.”

From that moment the Man with the Glass Eye became an obsession with Spiegelbrauer. In his wakeful hours, throughout the tedium of the endless

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night, he thought of him. Through all his daily sleep he dreamed of him. Spiegelbrauer's past became a dim memory. His future, a misty, hopeless tangle, gradually began to be bound up with the Man with the Glass Eye.

To find Jake again became the sole object of Spiegelbrauer's existence. What he would do or say when he met him, or how the Man with the Glass Eye could possibly remedy the evil that he had wrought, Spiegelbrauer never paused to consider. All he wanted was to find Jake again. Jake was responsible for all his misery. Jake had tempted him and had led him astray. Jake had made him turn night into day and day into night. The entire bottom had fallen out of Spiegelbrauer's existence and Jake—Jake alone—was to blame. He must find Jake.

Another week dragged on. All day long Spiegelbrauer slept. All night long he passed an aimless, fruitless, wandering existence, without friends, without cheer. His entire life had

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broken from its moorings and was drifting helplessly upon a black and dreary sea, upon which there shone but two bright lights, viz., 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. At 10 A.M., invariably, he fell asleep. At 10 P.M., invariably, he awoke. Beyond those two lights all was dark and chaos. More and more intense grew his desire to find Jake. And, one morning, unexpectedly, in the early dawn, he found him.

The ties that bound him to all his former haunts having been severed, Spiegelbrauer had fallen into the habit of eating what he called his dinner at a different restaurant each morning. He would wander aimlessly along the least deserted thoroughfares in the dawn until he became hungry, and then drop into the first eating-place he found. It was in a somewhat dingy establishment close by the Bowery that he came upon the Man with the Glass Eye. He had not seen him enter the place, but while he was struggling to decipher the handwriting of the bill of fare, he heard a never-to-be-forgotten voice.

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“—and just as she splashed in I jumps—clothes and all—and being what you’d call a pretty nifty swimmer, I soon has her by the arm. ‘Now, your grace,’ says I—you’ve got to call ’em that, y’ know, even when they’re drownin’—‘Now, your grace,’ I says, ‘keep a stiff upper lip and don’t try to claw me, and I’ll get you ashore.’ Well, sir, to make a long story short, I got her ashore, and then her husband, the duke, gave me this ring.”

Spiegelbrauer, with fast-beating heart, turned slowly in his chair. It was Jake, talking to the waiter and showing him a somewhat faded-looking ring in which a small diamond sparkled very faintly. Spiegelbrauer approached him and with an assumption of easy joviality slapped him on the back.

“Hello, Chake!” he cried. The man turned to look at him—gazed quite a long time, during which his artificial orb described a complete revolution—and then, pointing to a chair, said:



“ I REMEMBER. BUT MY NAME AIN'T JAKE.
IT'S SAM ”

Jake—or Sam

“Hello, Miller. Sit down. How’s the wife and all the babies?”

Spiegelbrauer could hardly credit his senses. “Vot? You don’t remember me? Spiegelbrauer? Dot night in Kegelhopfen’s? My! My! Chake! Vot a poor memory you haf!”

The Man with the Glass Eye grinned. “Oh, yes! I remember. But my name ain’t Jake. It’s Sam. Let’s see! We went to the skating-rink, didn’t we? With Morrissey and the whole crowd. Yes, I remember perfectly. Didn’t you and I have a bet on Amalgamated copper? You bet ten dollars it would go up, and I bet it would drop first. You lost, you know.”

Spiegelbrauer’s poor brain was reeling. That Jake could have forgotten that memorable epoch-making night was beyond his comprehension. He seated himself beside the Man with the Glass Eye, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, and then, clutching him tightly by the arm, began:

“Chake—or Sam—it makes no dif-

Jake—or Sam

ference vot iss der name—but if only you had a idea vot iss mit me since dot time I seen you, you vould haf pity. Now you are a fine feller vot knows a lot unt—listen, Chake—I vant your honest advice. Vot would you do if you vos in my place?”

“Why don’t you go to the races? I’ve got a sure thing in the third race. Had dinner with the owner last night. Did I ever tell you how I met him? It’s very interesting. The Crown Prince of——”

“Vait! Vait!” interrupted Spiegelbrauer gently. “Nefer mind about der Crown Prince now. But listen to me. Tell me vot you vould do.” And with almost pathetic simplicity he told the Man with the Glass Eye the whole story, making clear to him what his life had been before that eventful night at Kegelhopfen’s and what it had been since.

“Now, Chake,” he said “—or Sam—I haf a idea. You are a good talker. You are a fine feller.” He laid his hand affectionately upon the man’s

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shoulder. "You kept me awake a whole night long. Keep me awake a whole day unt I am your friend for life. I ain'd a rich man, but I got a liddle money, unt vot it costs I pay. You stay by me till ten o'clock to-night, unt don't let me sleep, unt I nefer in my life forget it."

Jake—or Sam—wrinkled his brow.

"Spiegelheimer," he began.

"Spiegelbrauer iss der name."

"Well, Spiegelbrauer, I'll tell you. I've got a private mission to-day. See this box?" He drew a big black box from under the table. "Well, sir, this contains a new kind of key-ring, and I've got to go down to Fulton Street and sell them. Of course, it ain't in my line, but I'm on the lookout for an important personage, and I just got a cable that he'll be walking down Fulton Street within a day or two. So, in order not to arouse suspicion, I've got to stand there for a few days and make believe I'm an ordinary pedler till he comes along. And then—a-h-h-h!" He smacked his lips.

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“You arrest him?” asked Spiegelbrauer, interested despite his troubles.

“Arrest him? No, siree! But you just wait. I’ll tell you what we’ll do. You come with me and watch me do the diplomatic. If he doesn’t come by noon, I’ll—Say, Spiegy, do you ever play the ponies?”

“Vot iss it?” asked Spiegelbrauer.

“By cricky!” exclaimed the Man with the Glass Eye. “That’s the idea. We’ll go to the races. I’ve got a lead-pipe in the third, and I’ll put you wise. Come on, Spiegy. Let’s go down the street and get a drink, and then we’ll start operations.”

Before they reached Fulton Street they had stopped for three drinks and, slowly but surely, Spiegelbrauer felt the same fascination that had led him astray that eventful night steal over him again. The man never allowed a pause to creep into his conversation. He chatted on glibly, aimlessly, often incoherently, but always with the most delightful good-nature, and Spiegelbrauer, listening to every word, for-

Jake—or Sam

got all about his sorrows and never for an instant felt sleepy.

“Ach, Chake! Chake—or Sam!” he exclaimed, laughing heartily at a humorous story the man had just told about the Archduke Alexandrovitchsky. “If you unt I could only stick togedder, vot a time ve could haf!”

At Fulton Street Spiegelbrauer received a momentary shock. The Man with the Glass Eye, who had never for an instant allowed the black box to leave his hands, now opened it, drew out a folded tripod, which he set upon the curb-stone, and with a dexterity born of long practice fastened the box upon it.

“Come on, boys,” he began in the shrill singsong of the sidewalk vender. “Step up to the captain’s office. Key-rings. Key-chains! Ye can’t break ’em! Ye can’t lose ’em! How do we get the keys upon the little ring? The swiftness of the hand deceives the eye! Come on, boys! Step up. Only twenty-five cents—one quarter of a

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simoleon—each, guaranteed for five years, silver-plated, non-rusting, non-corrosible, non-kinkable, non-breakable, *guarantee-e-ed!* Come on, boys. Only twenty-five cents apiece!”

Spiegelbrauer, for just one instant, was taken aback. But with a charming smile the Man with the Glass Eye whispered to him:

“How do I do it? Great, ain’t it? Been practicing all week. I’ll bet they all think I’m a regular pedler. Hey, Spiegy?”

Spiegelbrauer felt relieved. “You sure do it fine,” he said. “Maybe it’s better if I buy vun. Den nobody vill suspect nodding.”

He bought one, and the Man with the Glass Eye took an almost boyish pleasure in showing him how it worked.

“Now,” he said, “you walk up and down and keep your eye peeled for a man with a wooden leg and a big scar across his cheek and a red beard.”

“Hass he eyeglasses got?” asked Spiegelbrauer, “because if not den I vunce knew a man like dot in Parten-

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kirchen vare I vas born, only he had a black beard."

It lasted nearly four hours. Twice the Man with the Glass Eye asked Spiegelbrauer to mind his stand while he went for a drink, and twice Spiegelbrauer walked as far as the door of a saloon and had a drink brought out for himself—he would not let his man out of his sight. Then Jake—or Sam—counted up his profits.

"Twelve sales—three dollars—bully for me! Come on, Spiegy; let's get something to eat, and then we'll go to the races."

"But supposing der man comes?"

"Sh-h!" The Man with the Glass Eye looked around eagerly, saw that no one was observing him and whispered into Spiegelbrauer's ear:

"Sh-h-h! My side partner is on deck. Don't notice him! Walk right on with me. Sh-h-h!"

Spiegelbrauer was intensely happy. It was noon, and he was not sleepy! Whether it was the drinks he had consumed, or the lively companionship of



THE MAN WITH THE GLASS EYE SEEMED AL-
MOST RELUCTANT TO TAKE IT

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the Man with the Glass Eye, or the unwonted excitement of doing things he had never done before, Spiegelbrauer did not stop to consider. For Spiegelbrauer wasn't what you would call a philosopher. But the hours were slipping by, one by one, and the old and natural order of things was approaching nearer and nearer. Once or twice a feeling that was suspiciously like drowsiness fell upon him, but a wonderful story about some famous duke or queen that the Man with the Glass Eye had known, or some new kind of drink that he would suggest, enabled Spiegelbrauer to throw it off easily. It was a repetition of that memorable night, with the difference that Spiegelbrauer was doing his best to prolong instead of shorten it.

They went to the races. Spiegelbrauer insisted upon paying all expenses and even offered his companion some money to wager upon a horse. But, curiously enough, the man would accept nothing.

“Keep your dough for the lead-pipe

Jake—or Sam

in the third," he said, "and after that we'll blow in the winnings."

The unexpected really happens occasionally. The "lead-pipe" actually won, and Spiegelbrauer, for the first time in his life, found himself in possession of nearly a hundred dollars that he had not earned.

"Chake," he said, "I mean Sam—you are a vunder! How did it happen? You must be a millionaire."

"Well, what did I tell you? They couldn't beat that horse. Let's get an automobile afterwards and ride down to the beach. What d'ye say?"

They hired an automobile and rode down to the beach. There Spiegelbrauer insisted upon buying one bottle of champagne after another, and the more he drank the happier he became. And slowly the cobwebs lifted from his brain, and he was once more able to think in his old and simple way. He glanced at his watch. It was nine o'clock. Spiegelbrauer fairly chortled with happiness.

Jake—or Sam

“Vait a minute,” he said. “I vill be right back.”

He went to the office of the hotel and entered into earnest conversation with the clerk, who summoned a burly porter, to whom Spiegelbrauer told his story over again. As he returned to the dining-room, beaming with joy, they both gazed after him in amazement.

“Come, Chakey—Sam,” he cried jovially. “Let’s haf von more bottle, unt den——”

“Then let’s go back to town and take in the end of a roof-garden show.”

Spiegelbrauer chuckled. “Choost vait!” he said. “Ve vill see vot ve vill see! Now listen, vunce, Chake—Sam. Half unt half alike—dot’s my motto. You had der tip—I had der money. Here iss fifty dollars vot you put in your pocket.”

The Man with the Glass Eye seemed almost reluctant to take it. “I’ll have to blow it in to-night,” he said.

“Ha! Ha! Choost vait! Choost vait!”

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And just then a shadow fell across the table. "Come on, boss. It's five minutes to ten."

It was the burly porter, and Spiegelbrauer clutched him tightly by the arm as if he feared he might vanish away.

"Ha! Ha!" he laughed. "I'm a safed man. Good night, Sammy—Chake! Good night, old boy; it's ten o'clock! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho! It's all right again! Hooray!"

The Man with the Glass Eye gazed at him in amazement. "Why, Spieggy," he said, "what is the matter?"

"Der matter? Ha! Ha! Ha! I caught up mit myself! Dot's der matter! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Shaking with laughter and clinging tightly to the porter's arm, Spiegelbrauer went into the hotel and five minutes later, without having removed either his shoes or his hat, but with a smile of seraphic content upon his face, was sound asleep.

Meanwhile the Man with the Glass Eye sat where Spiegelbrauer had left

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him, his brow puckered into a puzzled frown. Then he drew a penknife from his pocket and slowly carved his initials upon the table, whistling softly the while.



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Jake—or Sam

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